

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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A PETITION.

In this hush of midnight's hour,
Owning Thy Almighty power,
Feeling still Thy heavenly love
Falling from Thy home above,
Humbly, as on bended knee,
Father! now I come to Thee.

Though the slave, beneath the sun,
Prays that life may soon be done;
Though to madness goads the lash,
Dripping from each gory gash,
Still, our Father! not for him
Do I raise this midnight hymn.

Lonely in his cabin'd home;
There kind faces may not come;
All that was his staff and stay
Plucked by cruel men away,
Thou, who see'st the sparrows fall,
Hast looked down and seen it all.

In this solemn hour of night,
While Thy stars are shining bright;
All the glorious hosts on high
Marching through the deepened sky,
Thou hast one, whose steady ray
Points the wanderer his way.

Through his long and dreary flight—
Thou his guard by day and night;
When the noontide sun is high,
Through his covert looks Thine eye,
And through all his midnight way
Thou art still his guide and stay.

Father! not for him I cry—
Thou hast noted every sigh;
Every low and stifled moan
Thou hast listened to alone;
Every burst of wild despair,
Every rough untutored prayer.

Not a flower within the wood,
Hidden in deep solitude,
Lifts its head toward the sky
Unmarked by Thy all-seeing eye;
Not a wail from sorrow riven
But is registered in Heaven.

In oppression's darkest hour,
By Thy own Almighty power
Thou canst rend the veil of sin;
Let the light of Heaven flow in;
Ope the prison doors, although
Watched and guarded by the foe.

But, oh Father! ere Thy wrath
Falls upon the oppressor's path,
Dark with sin of every name,
Hugging still his deepest shame,
Father! let Thy light fall in,
Full upon his heart of sin.

May his spirit's deepest night
Flee before Thy searching light;
May he see Thy frown on high
O'er the dark embattled sky,
And by his sacrifice to Heaven
He and our country be forgiven.

For that band who in Thy name,
Cry aloud the people's shame—
Still, in every trying hour,
Feeling Thy sustaining power—
In their days of want and need,
Father! still Thy people feed.

Let Thy wisdom guide the pen
Telling of the wrongs of men;
Let Thy spirit rest on those
Pleading for the captive's woes;
With a holier strength of will
Their despairing bosoms fill.

Deeper trust and truer love
Lift their hearts to Thee above;
Father! through the weary fight,
Make them valiant with Thy might;
With Thy heavenly armor on
May the victory be won.

When the captive shall arise,
Free beneath the arching skies,
Humbly may he look to Thee—
Who alone hath set him free—
Joining in the high acclaim,
Giving praises to Thy name.

—Selected.

HOW TO ATTAIN KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

Is it conceivable that animal life should depend on vegetable and mineral for its existence, and that vegetable and mineral were both prepared for its use, but that no one had so arranged it? Far from excluding the idea of God, modern science is making more real to the mind the need of an intelligent Author and Guide whose being is co-extensive with the whole vast universe; and so science is compelling theology to accept and teach the immanence of God—that Spirit is present in each material atom, in every form of life, and in all the thought and aspiration and activity of mankind.

In the wonderful adaptations of living creatures we have another source of knowledge regarding God. In the outfit of the bee, the ant, the silk-worm, may be found a witness to the all-prevailing presence and wisdom of Divinity. In every form of life may be seen how means are adapted to ends, parts to other parts. "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor the head to the feet, I have no need of you." Then, too, how perfectly each individual, from the highest down to the lowest, is adapted to its environment. The bird, with its feathers and wings, finding its native element in the air above; while the fish, with an entirely different equipment, is just as much at home in the waters below.

It is reported that one night while on board ship in the Mediterranean, surrounded by the wise men of his court who had discussed this question of the existence of God and concluded that there was no place nor need for such a Being in the world, the great Napoleon looked up and, pointing to the heavens, said: "No doubt your theories are learned and profound, but if they are true, how can you account for the order and beauty and power displayed there?"

"What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!—

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

Thus as Paul said in his letter to the Romans, "Ever since the creation of the world, God's invisible attributes—even his eternal power and divine character—have been made visible and brought within our apprehension by what he has made and done." But still the human heart cries for something more intimate and personal than this revelation of Divinity in outward nature. Like Philip we must see "the Father" before we are satisfied in our quest of God. We long to know if Divinity cares for us, and if we may talk with him as holy men of old are said to have done, and hear his voice speaking to us as he spoke to them.

"I hear it often in the dark,

I hear it in the light,—

Where is the voice that calls to me

With such a quiet might?

It seems but echo to my thought,

And yet beyond the stars;

It seems a heart-beat in a hush,

And yet the planet jars!

"Oh, may it be that far within

My inmost soul there lies

A spirit-sky, that opens with

Those voices of surprise?

And can it be, by night and day,

That firmament serene

Is just the heaven, where God himself,

The Father, dwells unseen?"

This is the same conviction of insight and faith that inspired Jesus when he said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." This does not mean that the pure heart has simply learned something about God, but that it has come into personal fellowship with the Father and has learned to share in the divine life and love, truth and power which are forever flowing from the heart of Deity into the open and receptive spirit, filling us with "the peace that passes knowledge."

If you would know God in the personal and intimate relationship of sons and daughters, you must follow Jesus in the path of obedience, trust, and love. By living as though you were in the presence of God, holding communion with him as if he were near you and listening to your words, asking for strength in weakness, for help in temptation, for pardon in an hour of sin or folly, for the courage and patience and faithfulness to make the ordinary round of daily duty beautiful and inspiring, by living always

in the thought of God as your Father, and doing all things as his children, desiring his approval, companionship, and guidance, you will at length come to see him so clearly that no doubt will ever dim the beatific vision. Your faith then will be no longer a matter of tradition and opinion, depending upon hearsay and argument and outward proof, but a conviction of the heart, an intuition of the soul, which will make you as sure of the presence, protection, and guidance of the heavenly Father as you are of the light of the sun, the fragrance of a flower, or the affection of your dearest friend.

As, when springtime comes, the earth turns to the sun and all the latent life of bud and seed is stirred with a strange energy, the trees covering themselves with leaves and blossoms, and the hills and meadows putting on fresh garments of grass and flowers; so, when the human soul turns to the heavenly Father with the confidence and love of a child, there flows into the heart and mind a quickening current of spiritual power which makes a summer within,—the sun of faith begins to shine with greater brightness and warmth, the birds of hope sing of new attainments in strength and patience, and the daily life of toil and care is filled with the beautiful plants and fragrant flowers of peace and happiness. Then we shall live from day to day in the consciousness of the heavenly Father's presence and help, walking with him and talking with him as little children walk and talk with their parents. And as we thus live in constant fellowship with the Spirit, our thought of God will become clearer, our sense of his companionship and love will grow ever stronger, until we reach the conviction of Jesus that he dwells in us and we in him, and that all the world of outward nature thrills with his presence and throbs with his life.

"Go not, my soul, in search of Him,
Thou wilt not find him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

"For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

"Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within."
—Rev. Alexander T. Bowser.

THE STILL HOUR.

A LYRIC OF LIFE.

O Life, whose mystery we share,
Whose depths we may not see,
In all abysses of our doubt,
Our trust is still in thee.

Dark is the night in which we grope.
Our years have cruel wrongs.
We cannot make a purpose out
Wherein such ill belongs.

And yet unwilling, but, as we breathe
The vitalizing air,
We trust in thee, upon this rock
Is built our house of prayer.

Through all our ignorance and sin
In some rude wise we see
We are thy sons, and thou art known
In what we ought to be.

And deep below our bitterest doubt
Man's primal faith is sown,
That Truth and Beauty and the Good
Thy purposes make known.

In dust of earth and worlds afar
One Being we must trace:
Heart's love is more than dust or star,
And Right reveals thy face.
—Charles Tilden Sempers.

Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks. It is but pride and self-will which says, "Give me something huge to fight, and I should enjoy that; but why make me sweep the dust?"—Charles Kingsley.

If we do not cultivate our spiritual nature, it lies dormant within us; and we are dead to a whole realm of the highest pleasures, the noblest possibilities, vouchsafed to humanity.
—Selected.

Let us so rightly search our lives that, if there be any evil in the day gone, before the angel closes his book, we may repent, and the fair white page of holy deeds and genuine repentances be our only record.—John F. W. Ware.

The easy way is not the way. God demands deliberately, and for our good demands that which costs, is satisfied only with that. And we ought not for a moment to think of giving anything else, but to press on in the difficult way, reaching for and attaining one virtue after another.—J. F. W. Ware.

Jesus did not simply give truth to the world,—though he did that, too,—but he so stirred the souls of men as to set their minds free, and enable them to discover it for themselves. By the spirit he breathed into the world, he kindled the conscience and roused the desire for truth and purity into intensity; and what men long for ardently they are sure to attain. Thus, the free soul aspires after and ever gains new heights of excellence and new worlds of beauty and goodness.—*Unitarian Herald*.

One of the best things in the gospel of Jesus is the stress it lays on small things. It ascribes more value to quality than to quantity: it teaches that God does not ask how much we do, but how we do it.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

All souls belong to God and to goodness by creation. God has evidently created every soul for goodness. He has carefully endowed it with indestructible faculties looking that way. Every soul has an indestructible idea of right and wrong, producing the feeling of obligation on the one hand, of penitence or remorse on the other. Every soul has the tendency to worship, to look up to some spiritual power higher than itself.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Miss L. A. Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass., offers "The Wonders of Science in Modern Life," in ten volumes, by Henry and Edward Williams, M.D. and LL.D.: Vol. I. "Man and Nature"; Vol. II. "The Vegetable World"; Vol. III. "The Animal World"; Vol. IV. "The Mineral World"; Vol. V. "Science and Industry"; Vol. VI. "Science and Mechanical Arts"; Vol. VII. "Conquest of Sea and Land"; Vol. VIII. "Conquest of Air and Ether"; Vol. IX. "The Reason Why in Science"; Vol. X. "Who's Who in Science." They are filled with illustrations, but are not written for young people.

For the following, please apply to Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "Dream Life," Ik Marvel; "Comedy and Duty," Essays, Everett; "Realman," Arthur Helps; Poetry; "The Last Days of Paganism," E. B. Lee; "Views of Nature," Humboldt; "Light of Asia," a poem by Edwin Arnold; "Parthenia"; "The Friendship of Art," Bliss Carman; "History of Greece," Smith; "An American at Oxford"; *Spectator*; "Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," Hazlitt; "British Essayists," Tait; "Life of Sterling," Carlyle; "The Power of Womanhood," Ellice Hopkins; "Rise and Constitution of Universities," Laurie; "Mendelssohn's Letters, 1833-47"; "Recollections of Past Life," Sir Henry Howland; "Peace and Happiness," Lord Avebury; "Autobiography and Letters," Orville Dewey.

REQUESTS.

1. I am asking for a little more cheer for myself and children. I have five children, the oldest ten years, the youngest eight months. I should like some good books for myself and children; also some picture papers and cards for the little ones. Mrs. Lou N. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

2. I am thirteen years old, live in the country, am going to school, am in some of the fifth grades and rest fourth. I should be glad to have a girl friend to write me. I am piecing my first quilt, so should be glad of gingham and percale scraps. Helen Walters, Athens, Texas, Route 1.

3. Won't you please send me some picture books, cards, testaments, stories of the Bible, or anything that will interest children? I am a teacher in the Sabbath school, of small children; and we have no library here. I should be so glad to get some books to give them at Christmas; so if you have them to spare and can send them so I can get them by then, I shall be very grateful. I have about twenty in my class. Mrs. H. M. Gillis, Stovall, North Carolina.

(As this is too late for Christmas, I would suggest that we send to Mrs. Gillis for Easter. M. E. Nichols.)

4. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., will be very glad of any New Thought literature.

5. Mrs. Angie Banks, Windom, North Carolina, will be glad of magazines for her husband, who has been ill for a long time;

also pictures for their two small boys; and *Ladies' Home Journal* for herself.

6. Mrs. D. F. Stockwell, Danville, Virginia, asks for reading for herself and husband.

7. We live far out in the country and are very lonely at times. We should be glad if you could send something to cheer us up. Address, Miss Beulah Kinser, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8.

8. Another year has almost passed away since my dear husband died. My daughter is still in the store working for us; but her health is giving way fast. If any of you know of a cure for bronchial asthma, will you please write me? She suffers so much with it. I am thanking you all for reading matter that you have sent me. Please remember me again. Claud is very anxious for *Youth's Companion*. If it is not asking too much we should be glad if you would send it to him. The children are growing fast and are quite a help to us. I am sixty-eight years old and not able to get around much and would be thankful for books or magazines; I don't care whether they are new or not so I get all the numbers. I am fond of continued stories. Address, Mrs. J. V. Ware, Amherst, Virginia.

9. Mrs. Avia Howard, Monroe, North Carolina, R. F. D. 3, has three little children, the oldest a girl of nine years. They are too far away to attend school or church, and so will appreciate anything sent them.

10. Mrs. Albert Owen, Sandy Level, Virginia, a farmer's wife with four children, all boys, would be glad of something suitable for the two older, fifteen and twelve years.

11. Mrs. B. F. Smith, Waller, Texas, Route 2, Box 34, a farmer's wife, with one small baby, is anxious for reading, as they live in the country and have no reading.

12. I will ask you or some one to please send me the following books, for my little baby girl, who got badly burned a week ago to-day. She has to stay in bed all the time and loves to read very much. "The Night before Christmas," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Jack the Giant-killer." Address, Mrs. Sarah M. Thomas, Dodson, Virginia.

13. M. R. Peake, Holladay, Virginia, asks for books of history, poems, and travel.

14. Mrs. M. E. Masongale, Ironsburg, Tennessee, asks for any kind of story books or good reading, and picture books for the small children. She has thirteen in family and needs the cheer.

15. My health has been very bad this summer and I am not entirely well yet. My little boy Robbie is a lover of books. Will some one please send him some picture books, drawing books, and crayons? I should like for him to have a First Reader, as he never has been to school yet, and I want to teach him the alphabet before he starts to school. Lena, my ten-year-old stepchild, wants a spelling book and an arithmetic. My husband wants a Bible with large print, as his eyes are very weak. Address, Mrs. C. D. Smith, Campbell, North Carolina.

16. B. F. Clapp, Hendersonville, North Carolina, asks for "Selections for German Composition" and a "Brief German Grammar."

17. The *Cheerful Letter* is just received and I want to ask for "Through the Looking-Glass" for my little granddaughter. Do you think it would be possible to find me "Ben Hur" for my daughter Belle, who is working her way through college? She wants it very much for Christmas and I cannot buy her one. My health is very poor and I expect to go to the hospital soon for an operation. I want to thank you again for past favors. May God bless the *Cheerful Letter* and those who are sending it out! Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan.

18. Mrs. L. B. Truffell, Boughtonville, Ohio, Route 1, Box 44, would enjoy good books, which, after reading, she will pass on.

19. We are very poor and luxuries such as good reading seldom find their way into our home. I am a very young mother of two little ones—a girl of three and boy of two years—and need helpful reading on rearing children. I love all kinds of good reading, and should be very, very thankful for the *Cheerful Letter* and any magazines. Address, Mrs. Ada Pace, Athens, Texas, R. F. D. 2.

20. Mrs. Mary E. Shelton, Campbell, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 41, wishes to thank her many friends for reading matter that has been sent her in the past. She would be glad to be remembered with good books and magazines. Would like "The Foot-path

Way," Torrey; "The Wide, Wide World." Would be glad of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, also *Pictorial Review*, or any good books they are through with. Would be thankful for quilt pieces, silk, velvet, or gingham.

21. I want to thank all my *Cheerful Letter* friends who have sent me so much nice reading for my family and myself. Respectfully, Mrs. R. D. Gillispie, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

22. I enjoy reading and don't have the opportunity to buy books, as I live eight miles from a town. Anything interesting or profitable will be appreciated. I am very much interested in crocheting and can do some fancy work, by which I pass off a lot of my time. I should enjoy any books along this line. I enjoy writing very much and reading letters, and receiving cards is a great pleasure. I should like to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* sisters. I make a request for a small reference Bible, large print, for my father, who is sixty-five years of age and likes to read very much and hasn't a small one. He is afflicted with rheumatism and suffers quite a lot. Address Mrs. Bettie Vaughan, Athens, Tennessee, R. F. D. 1.

23. Mrs. Malissa Nolen, Elamsville, Virginia, R. D. 2, asks for suitable reading for young children, the eldest six years.

24. Mrs. Mattie Wilson, Tellico Plains, Tennessee, a widow with one child, living a lonely life, asks for books and magazines.

25. I am writing to the *Cheerful Letter* for the first time. I am sixteen years old. My mother and I are living all alone. My father died last August, and my mother and I have been very lonely since God took him away. I should appreciate some books and magazines of any kind to read. Address, Miss Dora White, Madison, North Carolina.

26. We are poor folks living far from the railroad. I am the mother of three children, boys. I am not very stout, and have but one eye. Had an operation performed about four years ago which took out one of my eyes. I should be glad of some patchwork scraps, which I could enjoy very much. Any reading will be appreciated. Address, Mrs. Ida Pauls, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8.

27. Rev. D. J. Bryant, Floyd, Virginia, is in need of a dictionary, and would like also books of a religious nature and books of poems.

28. I am writing to the *Cheerful Letter* for the first time. I am very lonely. My husband is away from home most of the time. I have two children, a girl of eight and a boy seven. I should greatly appreciate any good reading for myself and children. Address, Mrs. J. W. Williamson, Floyd, Virginia, Route 1.

29. I want to thank all those who have sent me reading matter during the past year. As I am sick all the time, I ask the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* to remember my birthday on February 4. I shall be sixty-two years old. I wish you all a prosperous new year. Address, Mrs. M. E. James, Unionville, North Carolina.

30. I should be pleased to have sent me *Atlantic Monthly*, *World's Work*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Literary Digest*, *Craftsman*, *House Beautiful*, *Uncle Remus' Magazine*. We are school teachers, and should appreciate any teachers' magazine or helps along that line. Of course my choice is not restricted to the books mentioned above; but that list will suggest to you my taste. We are teachers in a small village (my mother and I) on the railroad seven miles from Ardmore. We are endeavoring to build up our community in every way possible. Anything sent to us to be used in this cause will be thankfully received and faithfully "passed along." If magazines are sent by parcel post, send them to Provence, Oklahoma. If sent by express, send to Ardmore, Oklahoma, as we have no express office at Provence. Address, Miss Eunice Scott, Provence, Oklahoma.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Fannie Tarlton from Unionville, North Carolina, to Wingate, R. F. D. 2, North Carolina.

DIED.

Mrs. J. D. Shelton of Spencer, Virginia, eighty-one years of age.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

Education is not complete unless all powers work together. Brain gymnastics are no more commendable than bodily gymnastics, as mere exercises, and if one-sided, are as fatal to all-around development.

The reasonable human being does not live for his body or his brain, but for all his forces working together for results. He is conscious

of a sense of responsibility to the race, to the community in which he lives.

The purpose of this human machine is to furnish energy for the mind to apply to its needs.

The power at the service of the body and soul must be manufactured within the body. To this end it needs care and training, food, exercise, and sleep.

There are two recognized ways of improving the quality of the human beings: one by giving a better heredity; the other by so combining the factors of daily life that even a weak heart may grow strong, a poor digestion may become good, and frayed nerves gain steadiness.

Sluggish circulation means less power of work, of thought, of pleasure.

If the habit of drinking sufficient water is well established, there will be less danger of any sudden disturbance.

Safe exercise comes next after safe water in a study of physical needs.

We seem to have assimilated so deeply the idea that man is lord over all the earth, that we do not include man himself in the class over which he rules; we do not grasp the thought that man must be lord of himself also, if he is not to succumb to nature's rule in the end.

This joy of self-control should be taught to children. Control of things comes easily then; control of self comes with greater difficulty, but, patiently taught, does become habit.

No person who is accomplishing something, seeing it grow under his hands to what it was in his thought, is discontented. It is a mistake to think that the fact of making the article for some one else and not for oneself is the cause of dissatisfaction. The true pleasure of work is in the doing and not the possession afterward, in most cases.

There is probably no better way to begin a child's training for right living than to give him a garden, indoors or out! The care of a garden-bed combines exercise, amusement, and work to a degree not attained by anything else. It adds indirect instruction in the essentials of all life and initiates the child into the mysteries of living.

If one lives for pleasure, one does not enjoy life in the degree possible to one who lives for work and finds his pleasure unexpectedly.

It behooves us all to have, early in life, a definite purpose in living, one so strong as to carry us light-footed over all impediments, one so clearly in mind as to sustain courage in all dark places. Only in this way lies health of body and mind.

... The filling of the wood-box, the washing of the dishes, the tidying of the chamber, although given as tasks, are bits of work to be *done* and when *well-done* give a glow of satisfaction; therefore this joy of doing should be cultivated in children, a quick response of nerve stimulus to the touch of things.

It is marvellous in our eyes to see the power men have gained over the forces of nature, but it is by patient self-control that they have given us this power.

The moment a user of this power loses a grain of his own *nerve*, things come to grief—a crash of the trolley—an overturn of the automobile.—Ellen H. Richards (*"Eugenics"*).

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ELBERFELD HORSES.

(Continued from last number.)

What strikes one particularly is the facility, the quickness, I was almost saying the joyous carelessness with which the strange mathematician gives the answers. The last figure is hardly chalked upon the board before the right hoof is striking off the units, following immediately by the left hoof marking the tens. There is not a sign of attention or reflection; one is not even aware of the exact moment at which the horse looks at the problem; and the answer seems to spring automatically from an invisible intelligence. Mistakes are rare or frequent according as it happens to be a good or bad day with the horse; but, when he is told of them, he nearly always corrects them. Not unseldom, the number is reversed: 47, for instance, becomes 74; but he puts it right without demur when asked.

I am manifestly dumfounded; but perhaps these problems are prepared beforehand? If they were, it would be very extraordinary, but yet less surprising than their actual solution. Krall does not read this suspicion in my eyes, because they do not show it; nevertheless, to remove the least shade of it, he asks me to write a number of my own on the blackboard for the horse to find the root. I must here confess the humiliating ignorance that is the disgrace of my life. I have not the faintest idea of the mysteries concealed within those recondite and complicated operations. I did my humanities like everybody else; but, after crossing the useful and familiar frontiers of multiplication and division I found it impossible to advance any farther into the desolate regions, bristling with figures, where the square and cubic roots

hold sway, together with all sorts of other monstrous powers, without shapes or faces, which inspired me with invincible terror. All the persecutions of my excellent instructors wore themselves out against a dead wall of stolidity. Successively disheartened, they left me to my dismal ignorance, prophesying a most dreary future for me, haunted with bitter regrets. I must say that, until now, I had scarcely experienced the effects of these gloomy predictions; but the hour has come for me to expiate the sins of my youth. Nevertheless, I put a good face upon it; and, taking at random the first figures that suggest themselves to my mind, I boldly write on the black-board an enormous and most daring number. Muhamed lifts his right hoof, but does not let it fall. Krall loses patience, lavishes prayers, promises, and threats; the hoof remains poised, as though to bear witness to good intentions that cannot be carried out. Then my host turns round, looks at the problem, and asks me:

"Does it give an exact root?"

Exact? What does he mean? Are there roots which . . . ? But I dare not go on. My shameful ignorance suddenly flashes before my eyes. Krall smiles indulgently and, without making any attempt to supplement an education which is too much in arrears to allow of the slightest hope, laboriously works out the problem and declares that the horse was right in refusing to give an impossible solution.—*Maeterlinck, in "The Unknown Guest."*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Once upon a time there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man, that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath her the immensest pile of yellow glistening coin that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. Thus he gave all

his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If he ever happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marygold ran to meet him with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions he used to say, "Pooh, pooh, child. If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking."

And yet in his earlier days, before he was so entirely possessed with this insane desire for riches, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He had planted a garden in which grew the biggest and beautifullest and sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelled. These roses were still growing in the garden, as large, as lovely, and as fragrant as when Midas used to pass whole hours in gazing at them and inhaling their perfume. But now, if he looked at them at all, it was only to calculate how much the garden would be worth if each of the innumerable rose-petals were a thin plate of gold. And though he was once fond of music (in spite of an idle story about his ears, which were said to resemble those of an ass), the only music for poor Midas now was the chink of one coin against another.

At length (as people always grow more and more foolish unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser) Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment underground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole—for it was little better than a dungeon—Midas betook himself whenever he wanted to be particularly happy. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a washbowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck measure of gold-dust, and bring it from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag, toss up the bar and catch it as it came down, sift the gold-dust through his fingers, look at the funny image of his own face as reflected in the burnished circumference of the cup, and whisper to himself: "Oh, Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou." But it was laughable to see how the image of his face kept grinning at him out of the polished surface of the cup. It

seemed to be aware of his foolish behavior, and to have a naughty inclination to make fun of him.

Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet quite so happy as he might be. The very tip-top of enjoyment would never be reached unless the whole world were to become his treasure-room and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

Now, I need hardly remind such wise little people as you are that in the old, old times, when King Midas was alive, a great many things came to pass which we should consider wonderful if they were to happen in our own day and country. And, on the other hand, a great many things take place nowadays which seem not only wonderful to us, but at which the people of old times would have stared their eyes out. On the whole, I regard our own times as the strangest of the two; but, however that may be, I must go on with my story.

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room one day as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold, and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam. It was a young man with a cheerful and ruddy face. Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over everything, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden radiance in it. Certainly, although his figure intercepted the sunshine, there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure-room, he of course concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal. It is no matter about telling you who he was. In those days when the earth was comparatively a new affair, it was supposed to be often the resort of beings endowed with supernatural powers, and who used to interest themselves in the joys and sorrows of men, women, and children half-playfully and half-seriously. Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good-humored and kindly, if not beneficent, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far

more probable that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room, and when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas," he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room."

"I have done pretty well—pretty well," answered Midas in a discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich."

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "Merely for the curiosity of the thing I should be glad to know."

Midas paused and meditated. He felt a presentiment that this stranger, with such a golden lustre in his good-humored smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment when he had but to speak and obtain whatever possible or seemingly impossible thing it might come into his head to ask.

So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough. At last a bright idea occurred to King Midas. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

"Well, Midas," observed his visitor, "I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas: "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so diminutive after I have done my best. I wish everything I touch to be changed to gold."

The stranger's smile grew so very broad that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun gleaming into a shadowy dell where the yellow autumnal leaves—for so looked the lumps and particles of gold—lie strewn in the glow of light.

"The Golden Touch," exclaimed he. "You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a conception.

But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret the possession of it?"

"What could induce me?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "To-morrow at sunrise you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and all around him the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life hoarding up.

ANECDOTE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

One of the stories told by Frank B. Carpenter, who went to Washington in February, 1864, to paint the picture of the first reading in cabinet counsel of the emancipation proclamation, is of a poor woman from Philadelphia who had been waiting, with a baby in her arms, for three days to see the President. Her husband had furnished a substitute for the army, but some time afterward became intoxicated while with some companions, and in this state was induced to enlist. Soon after he reached the army he deserted, thinking that, as he provided a substitute, the government was not entitled to his services.

Returning home, he was, of course, arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was to be executed on Saturday. On the Monday before his wife left her home with her baby to endeavor to see the President. She waited in an anteroom for three days. The President, who was passing and stopped outside of this room, heard a baby cry.

He went back to his office and rang the bell and asked his secretary if there was a woman with her baby in her arms in the anteroom. The secretary said there was. The President ordered her brought in at once.

She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband.

As the woman came away her eyes were lifted and her lips moving in prayer, the tears streaming down her cheeks. The secretary went up to her and said:—

"Madam, it was the baby that did it."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809-1909.

FEBRUARY 12.

Thou who didst carry on thy heart
The sorrows of a race,
Which left a look of sadness deep
Upon thy rugged face,
We pay thee homage on this day,—
The day that gave thee birth,—
And join our tributes with
The plaudits of the earth.

O knightly soul of lowly birth!
One born to rule the state;
A man of love, and righteous, too,
With wisdom truly great,
So nobly didst thou fill the sphere
To thee by heav'n assigned
That on this day thou dost receive
The homage of mankind.

Thou liberator of a race,
Whom "Father" still they name,
Above all others thee they love,
And e'er their love proclaim.
So must thy name forever live
In hearts of all oppressed,
Until the wrongs of humankind
Are pitied and redressed.

—Lewis W. Hicks.

WELLESLEY, MASS.

True greatness shows itself in ignoring or quickly forgetting personal injuries, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man one is, the more he makes of an injury or insult. The more of a man he is, the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause.—*Selected.*

No insult offered to a man can ever degrade him; the only real degradation is when he degrades himself.—*D. Muloch.*

Are not all true men that live or that ever lived soldiers of the same army, enlisted under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy,—the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we mis-know one another, fight not against the enemy, but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniforms?—*Carlyle.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ACROSTIC.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter spells the name of a person born in February.

1. The capital of New Zealand.
2. Mountain in Western Maine.
3. A province in Prussia.
4. A Greek philosopher and mathematician.
5. A signer of the Declaration of Independence.
6. A town in Connecticut.
7. A town in Delaware.
8. A seaport of Massachusetts.
9. A character in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."
10. A mountain in Switzerland.

II.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
 My 15, 6, 10, is a Japanese unit of value.
 My 3, 14, 12, 2, is of great extent.
 My 8, 11, 4, is the evening meal.
 My 5, 9, 13, is the cover of the eye.
 My 1, 4, 7, 13, 14, 5, is a kind of shoe.
 My *whole* is a day in February dear to the children.

III.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the seven sentences below appear as many words (one in each sentence) which if found and written one below the other will spell the name of a president.

1. The loss of the money was a hard blow to John.
2. The inn was destroyed by fire.
3. The house is near the road.
4. The furnace coal is very low.
5. The house on the mountain was destroyed by fire.
6. The law must be obeyed.
7. The game is very near the end.

Answer to puzzle in the January number.

[The parenthesised figures below, (5), (6), etc., refer to the similarly characterized figures in the list of plays.]

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Richard Plantagenet (5) (6) (7). | 4. Titus Lartius (15). |
| 2. Princess Katherine (2). | 5. Walter Whitmore (6). |
| 3. Thomas Rother (h)am (10). | 6. Metellus Cimber (19). |
| | 7. Lady Montague (31). |
| | 8. Bishop of Carlisle (9). |

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|--|---|
| 9. Sir Thomas Gargrave (5). | 53. Three Witches (23). |
| 10. Mistress Overdone (24). | 54. Cardinal Pandolph (20). |
| 11. Philostrate (25). | 55. Sir John Colevil (1) (4). |
| 12. Sir Oliver Martext (14). | 56. Belarius (17). |
| 13. Brabantio (29). | 57. Lysimachus (30). |
| 14. Sir William Catesby (10). | 58. Friar Laurence (31). |
| 15. Princess of France (2) (22). | 59. Mrs. Anne Page (26). |
| 16. Young Siward (23). | 60. Earl of Gloster (21). |
| 17. Lewis the Dauphin (2) (20). | 61. Guildenstern (18). |
| 18. Margarelon (36). | 62. Lychorida (30). |
| 19. Sir Nicholas Vaux (8). | 63. Leonatus Posthumus (17). |
| 20. Domitius Enobarbus (11). | 64. Sir Toby Belch (37). |
| 21. Snug the joiner (25). | 65. Calphurnia (19). |
| 22. Dromio of Ephesus (16). | 66. Cordelia (21). |
| 23. Margery Jourdain (6). | 67. Desdemona (29). |
| 24. Lord Abergavenny (8). | 68. Timon of Athens (35). |
| 25. Julius Cæsar (19). | 69. Cardinal Beaufort (6) (5). |
| 26. Gratiano (27) (29). | 70. Christopher Sly (32). |
| 27. Lady Faulconbridge (20). | 71. Luciana (16). |
| 28. Doctor Butts (8). | 72. Stephano (27) (33). |
| 29. Duchess of York (9) (10). | 73. Artemidorus (19). |
| 30. Starveling (25). | 74. Earl of Salisbury (2) (5) (6) (9) (20). |
| 31. Charles the Sixth (2). | 75. Reynaldo (18). |
| 32. Duke of Alençon (5). | 76. Duke of Albany (21). |
| 33. William Longsword (20). | 77. Sir Michael (3) (6). |
| 34. Launcelot Gobbo (27). | 78. M. Æmil Lepidus (11) (19). |
| 35. Hermione (12). | 79. Barnardine (24). |
| 36. Octavius Cæsar (11) (19). | 80. Katharina the Shrew (32). |
| 37. Menecrates (11). | 81. Mustard Seed (25). |
| 38. Othello the Moor (29). | 82. Countess of Rousillon (13). |
| 39. Antigonus (12). | 83. Sir Hugh Evans (26). |
| 40. Doll Tearsheet (4). | 84. Titus Andronicus (34). |
| 41. Hortensio (32). | 85. Deiphobus (36). |
| 42. Donalbain (23). | 86. Lady Mortimer (3). |
| 43. Leonardo (27). | 87. Demetrius (11) (25) (34). |
| 44. Archidamus (12). | 88. Prince of Arragon (27) (28). |
| 45. Lady Macbeth (23). | 89. Fortinbras (18). |
| 46. Chatillon (20). | 90. William Shakespeare. |
| 47. Owen Glendower (3). | 91. Cornelius (17) (18). |
| 48. Touchstone (14). | 92. Andromache (36). |
| 49. Violenta (13). | 93. Archduke of Austria (20). |
| 50. Peaseblossom (25). | 94. Cleopatra (11). |
| 51. Don Adriano de Armado (22). | 95. Eglamour (38). |
| 52. King of France (2) (7) (13) (20) (21). | 96. Nerissa (37). |

PLAYS.

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|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. King Henry IV. | 19. Julius Cæsar. |
| 2. King Henry V. | 20. King John. |
| 3. King Henry IV., Part I. | 21. King Lear. |
| 4. King Henry IV., Part II. | 22. Loves Labors Lost. |
| 5. King Henry VI., Part I. | 23. Macbeth. |
| 6. King Henry VI., Part II. | 24. Measure for Measure. |
| 7. King Henry VI., Part III. | 25. Midsummer Night's Dream. |
| 8. King Henry VIII. | 26. The Merry Wives of Windsor. |
| 9. King Richard II. | 27. The Merchant of Venice. |
| 10. King Richard III. | 28. Much Ado about Nothing. |
| 11. Anthony and Cleopatra. | 29. Othello. |
| 12. Winter Tale. | 30. Pericles. |
| 13. All's Well that Ends Well. | 31. Romeo and Juliet. |
| 14. As You Like It. | 32. Taming of the Shrew. |
| 15. Coriolanus. | 33. Titus Andronicus. |
| 16. Comedy of Errors. | 34. The Tempest. |
| 17. Cymbeline. | 35. Timon of Athens. |
| 18. Hamlet. | 36. Troilus and Cressida. |
| | 37. Twelfth Night. |
| | 38. Two Gentlemen of Verona. |

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

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